

The man had by this time, howe'er,
A lesson great been taught;
And straight he sent them all away,
Vith the large sum of—naught! ends, he had learned, do round us flock then we are rich and great; twhen want comes and troubles rise, they leave us to our fate, he had learned what oft is seen ten friends are in request, those of when we are k the least to out to be the best.

Parice Lest in a Struggle for a Name. CHAPTER X .- CONTINUED. "You have saved my life, Mr. Ander-

not thank you, I do not know what to "Don't say anything. I dislike being thanked. There is my mother. Miss Blake, I expect it is owing to her more than myself that you have been restored; she's a famous hand for resus-

son," she said in a low voice, but I can-

citating people—it's her hobby."

The tearful eyes were suddenly uplifted to Myra Anderson's face with an eager, longing, wistful look; then with a little low sob she threw her arms about her neck, and hid her face on her shoulder.

"Dear child!" Mrs. Anderson said. there, don't cry. darling," stroking back the hair from the hot temples. "I never can be thankful enough that Ralph was delayed so that he was caught out in the storm. I fretted at first, but you see I didn't know why he was kept then. You see we can see such a little way, while He sees the end from the beginning. I think, Ralph," she added, earnestly, "that it was just a special Providence that that tailor lied to you about having your coat done

lyesterday." "You think it was a lie to the glory of God, don't you?" he asked, laughing. Just then Mr. Anderson came in from he stable where he had been to make cure Bess was quite comfortable, and Stella was formally introduced to him: and then the table was drawn up before the fire, and they all sat down to sup-

per, Stella being carefully established in a huge rocking chair, with three or four great puffy pillows at her back, and one particularly big fellow, which perched just above her head, shook like a bowl of jelly every time she moved. She looked so offeer and small with this ex-

Myra Anderson could not help saying, putting out her hand and touching her sleeve-to be sure she was not an optical

illusion, I suppose:—"What a very lit-illusion ore, Miss Blake!"
Does she remind you of any one, wife." Mr. Anderson asked. "Only a little, but still just a little?" "I don't know as she does," she replied, slowly, "but I know who you are thinking of because Ralph men-

tioned it when he met her at Mr. Montford's." Yes. But Viola but such a different expression; and she always had such a bright color, while Miss Blake is so pale," she replied, with another

glance at the girl.

Miss Blake certainly was pale—very pale indeed, even to the lips. She looked up, however, and asked faintly if Viola was their daughter. "Not our own flesh and blood, but I don't know as we hardly knew the difference, did we wife?" Mr. Anderson

and, gave . I don't think we did, Ben,' she re-plied, softly. "Where is she now?" Miss Blake asked, after a moment of silence.

and leaned a little forward. "Did you say she was dead?" she repeated.

Perhaps in her weak state, and in her own narrow escape from death the thought shocked her the more particu-factly as allusion had been made to her resemblance to her.

" Yes, Viola died a long time ago, as I said: but we have never forgotten her. and that, I suppose, is why we fancy sometimes we can see some look of hers in others. Would you like to hear about

"O, yes; that is, if you would like to tell me," she added, gently, but with a strange, wistful look in her eyes. "We always like to speak of her,"

They rose from the table, which was pushed back against the wall, and sat in a semi-circle before the fire, Stella tle gasping sobs. directly in front, Ralph at the extreme left, and Mr. and Mrs. Anderson be-

tween the two. You tell her Ben, she said. She had a suspicion she might break down

her hand; but Ralph, who was watch- impatient feet. ing her, saw that she was listening intently—so intently that she hardly excited voice. seemed to breathe—and was as motion—"It's Mr. M less as a statue, and as white. Even said, glancing out at the sleigh, and then lor, though not generally very observing Blake. in such things, and notwithstanding she still kept her face shaded with her hand.

"I think you had better put our little guest to bed, wife," he said; "I am afraid she has sat up too long already.' Mrs. Anderson had slipped out when they first rose from the supper table, and kindled a fire in her "spare chamber," so that it might be comfortable and pleasant for her guest. She would bave put her in her own bedroom, but strode to the door and threw it open. she knew intuitively that, stranger as she was, she would feel more at ease by herself.

you need not stop, for you do look tired, ing and taking down a lamp from the ing sang-froid.
mantel behind the stove. "Thank Heaven!" he cried, with a mantel behind the stove.

"Please let me stay: I am not ill," Stella cried, eazerly, and as if to sub- reason and humanity. stantiate her assertion, a soft crimson glow flamed suddenly in her cheeks. idiot should go into ecstacies if she is "I-I haven't heard any one pray for here," he said, savagely, under his like a wail, in her voice.

you, if you are not too tired;" and Mrs. the elect that "Mr. Montford was very Anderson put down the lamp and came devoted to his new servant, and the and sat down while her husband read family were alarmed lest she might inthe beautiful parable of the prodigal son, veigle him into a low marriage. and then put up a plain, simple prayer, sought Heaven to bless each heart ac- and now stood at the door. cording to its needs; to keep very tenderly through all the future years the an eye on those horses, young man, I'll young life which it had pleased Him to |-1'il see you paid," he said, excitedly. save that night; to lead it through all pain, or sorrow, or temptation, to Him- vant," Ralph replied, haughtily, his self. And then he asked that over her face flushing with anger. Beside, I grave the snows of Heaven and the am not in want of a few pennies badly sweetness and grace; and when for them watch a pair of horses, even as fine ones the silver cord was loosed. He might, as yours, Mr. Montford. out of His own infinite good pleasure, unite them all in Heaven once more.

silence, and then Myra Anderson took down the little lamp again and lighted it. Ralph sprang suddenly to his feet and lifted Stella in his arms as if she had been a baby, and started for the stairs. She struggled a little, but he said, imperatively

to see such a face as this going up stairs, and a strong fellow like me looking on?"

I am not sure whether by accident or could thank you, then, and-" design-against her cheek; it was wet with tears! Ralph Anderson felt his thanks," he interrupted, shortly. heart glow as he had never done in all his life before. He felt a strong impulse was safe-you never saw anyone so any more while that heart beat. He did Some rich men wouldn't hardly have not stop to ask himself if this was alto- taken the pains to send out a servant to gether loyal to Blanche, but he did real- make in quiries, but he has been out such a deep tender glow in his heart, as glad she has got such a good place.' did this small, pale, tear-wet face lying "With the prospect ch?" he asked, tartly.

summery warmth that contras ed charm- said. ingly with the cold and stormy outside. lightest and livest thing imaginable. did get into it, all over, and something certainly?" on each side would come up with a sudsurrounded with a halo of pink and

brass nails. The door was open, and say!" Ralph exclaimed, angrily. the light shone out, and directly across

sometimes"-and stooping over she touched one of the dresses, softly and caressingly, as if it had been the dead face of her lost darling.
It was perhaps an hour afterwards,

when the house was wrapped in darkness and silence, and only the soft light fingers of the snow tapped monotonousnoiselessly, and a light, white-robed figure guided to the side of the little ject. trunk, and sank down before it, sobbing in a passionate abandon of grief. "Poor little Viola! dead! yes, dead

in her innocence and truth-happy Viola!" she said, brokenly, between lit-

By and by the white figure glided back again, the door opened and closed, and all was silence and darkness. What

was it?-a wraith? CHAPTER XI.

"You see we haven't always lived here, Miss Blake, and it was before we left Massachusetts that our little girl came to us," Ben said, beginning the story at once. "The sea brought her to us one terrible night. You never saw a storm on the sea, child?"

"I have crossed the ocean. I came if have crossed the ocean. I came from England about four months ago; it was very calm that," she said quietty. Then Ben Anderson resumed the story. He told of the storm, the wreck of the Lefrup, the resum of the mother god's incense to the new-born Day.

CHAPTER XI.

CHAPTER XI.

The sun rose majestically out of his retorted, crossly.

"Good morning! Isn't this glo-rious?" Tom Arnold cried, in a cheergilitering, spotless snow drifted seas of lilies breaking against skies of dusky sapphire and amber; beautiful shroud covering the face of Nature tenderly from sight. How hushed and still it was very calm that "she said quietty.

Then Ben Anderson resumed the storm, the wreck of the newborn Day.

From County Register Detroit was briefly but vividly sketched; and, lastly, the death in the lonely little foam falling from the bits, and little duffer of steam issning from their nostrils, lake cabin, and the simple cross of drifts of steam issuing from their nostrils, wood with only "Viola" rudely carved come dashing on, with tossing manes on and on, and suddenly pause, restless-Stella had lain back on the pillows. ly champing their bits and sending little and shaded her eyes from the light with clouds of light snow back from their

"Hilloa! Hilloa!" rang out in a sharp, "It's Mr. Montford," Ben Anderson

Ben Anderson noticed her extreme pal- involuntarily back into the face of Stella A fiery crimson flashed up in the

girl's face, and she turned hastily toward the door.

lighted to leave us as to run out through this deep snow. Mr. Montford must curb his impatience," a faint sarcasm in his voice, "and so must you."

He put her back almost roughly,

'Have you seen or heard of a young girl lost or bewildered in the storm last night?" Mr. Montford asked, rising in "We have family prayers, dear; but the sleigh and leaning eagerly forward. ou need not stop, for you do look tired, "If you mean Miss Stella Blake, the and really ill." Mrs. Anderson said, ris- lady is here," Ralph replied, with charm-

fervor that vexed Ralph, in spite of his

There's no reason why that old so long;" with a little desolate sound, breath. And then he thought, as he like a wail, in her voice. "Certainly, we would like to have of the rumor Blanche had mentioned, to In the meantime, Mr. Montford had

in which, with rude eloquence, he be- thrown the reins over the horses' backs,

"If you would be so kind as to keep "Thank you; but I am no man's serblessoms of earth might fall with equal enough to stand out in the snow to Myra?" he asked, in a tone of conster-

There was a little moment of hushed turned and went into the house without she would be sending all my clothes to had driven away with his maid.

"Lie still! Do you think I am going came in. "Mr. Montford was so grate- if she tells of it, in order to send the ful, too, and was very anxious to 're-As he said this he touched his hand - a simple act of humanity, he said he

"I dont want any of Mr. Montford's "But he was so delighted to find she that she could feel its strong, warm ford is a real kind-hearted man to take throbbings, and feel never sad or alone such an interest in one of his servants. ize, vaguely, that all the fascinating arts these two hours. himself, in search of of his beautiful cousin had never woke her, he said. I like the girl, and I am

travagant background—like some

If pretty, crimson-and-black-winged butterify struggling in a pan of milk—that
Myra Anderson could not help saying.

Myra Anderson could not help saying. It was a pleasant little room, with a surprised her, too, as much as what he

"O nothing," he replied, with a superb A soft, bright carpet covered the floor, air of indifference, "only Mr. Montford etly. but the bed was the special pride of is reported to have a partiality for Miss Myra Anderson's heart. It was the Blake, and there is said to be a pros- he shut the door, and a moment after pect that she may yet be the mistress of rode away. Getting into it was literally true-you Montford House. A very suitable match,

"Why, yes." Mrs. Anderson said. den "puff," and shut you in almost as thoughtfully, not noticing the sareasm effectually as the "spring lock" did in his tone, "so it is. To be sure, he is poor ill-fated "Genevra." Over this rather the oldest."

"Rather! Why he is old enough to

"O no, Ralph. Mr. Montford isn't green calico. This quilt was very dear an old man by any means, and for my thick forest in many places actually to Myra Anderson. It had been a surpart I think it would be a good thing covered with the cashews which had prise from her friends when she left the for her. I tell you, Ralph, there isn't old home - the home of her heart, still, many girls situated as she is, without is a delicious fruit, sometimes of a red though fortune had smiled more be- parents or friends-she said this morn- and sometimes of a yellow color, with nigply on the new than it ever had ing she had none-who would refuse the kidney-shaped seed on the outside such a chance."

Just outside this room door was a "Then it is a disgrace-an everlastbroad, low shelf, and on this shelf a ing shame and disgrace to their honor. small, black, hair trunk, studded with and conscience, that is all I have got to

"You are looking at it in a prejuit. The dull glare fell on the nail-heads, diced light," Mrs. Anderson interruptago." Mrs. Anderson replied, in that grave, swed tone in which we invariably speak of the dead.
"Dead?" The girl started nervously and leaned a little formula?" If you felt like stepping here," she said, hesitatingly, going toward the dear. "If you felt like stepping here," she said, hesitatingly, going toward the dear. "If you felt like stepping here," she said, hesitatingly, going toward the little formula?" If you felt like stepping here, and to gratify, perhaps, a weak ambiguity and to gratify. and this attracted her attention, aided, ed. "You assume that the girl could said, hesitatingly, going toward the and to gratify, perhaps, a weak ambideor; "that is the trunk,"—she stepped tion. I don't believe Miss Blake is the along and lifted the lid-Miss Blake was sort of person to do that. There is a at her side -- "and those were our little strong undercurrent of character begirl's clothes. I keep them all here to- neath that exterior. I can see it in the gether; I like to come and look at them flashing eye and resolute lips. I tell you what, Ralph, we may safely con-clude that if this Stella Blake, as they call her, marries Mr. Montford, it will not be from any weak, puerile motive. And another thing we may as safely conclude: If she resolves to marry him she will do it if they both live! I never saw a young girl with such a tense, firm ly at the windows, that a door opened look about the mouth. But it is nothing to us, and so we will drop the sub-

> Just then Tom Arnold drove up, his fair florid face glowing from its contact. with the cool, trosty air.

young woman to marry him, even if he these ants, isn't a young man."

"I hope you don't compare him to that half-witted old Englishman!" Ralph

Lebrup, the rescue of the mother, god's incense to the new-born Day.

Lebrup, the rescue of the mother, ilde and the death of the mother.

But hark! A fierce, sharp clang of the new-born bells breaks through the silence. Near-pausing—nearer again, and sudden—wish it had been Althea Montford!"

Lebrup, the rescue of the mother, god's incense to the new-born Day.

But hark! A fierce, sharp clang of the start off alone, for it was snowing bells breaks through the silence. Near-quite fast when she left my house. I the presence of forests, He holds that wish it had been Althea Montford!"

The writer in the North American Reduction and sudden the silence of the norther plentiful rains are in consequence of the presence of forests, He holds that wish it had been Althea Montford!"

"Why, would you have preiersal driving her home?" Ralph saked, his good nature returning. " Mr. De-

Vries wouldn't have liked that; he's sweet on her, I understand." "O yes - 'lengthened sweetness, long drawn out,' laughed Arnold. "The fact is, DeVries has taken Miss Althea by the job, and it's for his interest to An outbreak of fire under the stairs on the make it hold out as long as possible; shrewd fellow that DeVries. I can't quite make him out, he's too deep for Most Holy Redeemer, on Fourth street, beme, but then Uve the least penetration, I do believe, of any fellow in the State.

I am fa'r and square myself, and what there is of me, good or bad, is on the surface, so I naturally don't look much below that in others. There's Mrs. "Stop!" Ralph commanded, rather Bugbee-why, that woman is an inseru-peremptorily. "You need not be so de-tible problem to me; and Blanche, I tible problem to me; and Blanche, I believe I hardly understand her, if she is my own girl."

Ralph; "nor any body else, for that matter: I am sure I don't," but he The other half would have quickly marched said, aloud:

"How comes on our friend Bradlee's wooing? Probobly he understands every rope in that craft."

"O no he don't! I tell you, it's rare sport to see how nice she plays her line. letting him out, and then drawing hinin as scientifically as I used to fish for trout in that little brook down in old her bait takes better than mine did!" and Tom Arnold laughed gaily and heartily

"What will you do for a housekeepe. Tom, if you lose Mrs. Bugbee:" his sister aske L

"I don't know, I am sure. Sometimes I have half a mind to marry Bug-bee myself, on the spot. I. don't know but I would if it wasn't for Ned; I think so much of Ned that I believe I would actually rather he would have her than have her myself. What is a man's laying down his life for his friend compared to that, I should like to know?" he asked, with ridiculous solemnity.

"Tom, I wish you would marry some good nice woman, Mrs. Anderson said,

earnestly.

"You don't mean a pious woman, watch a pair of horses, even as fine ones as yours, Mr. Montford."

Montford looked at him in a sort of amazed surprise for a moment, and then turned and went into the house without speaking, and Ralph stalked off to the bare, where he staved till Mr. Montford does. Poor Jim! Why, the poor fellow the sweepings were turning. The visitor kan cked at the door, which was opened by one of the steers of Notre Dame, by whom the school is conducted. Scarcely had the door swing back on its hinges when the tlames burst out from under the stairway. The sister has higher and caught sight of the children in her care had caught sight of the first out them were in vain. nation, with a sly glance at the face of hasn't got but one pair of trousers to Ralph, I think you were a little swear by. But that is not the worst of rude to go out without so much as a it. His little girl—his dead wife's child word to Miss Blake," Mrs. Anderson —is kept on oatmeal gruel, and bits of said, in a tone of mild reproof when he mouldy bread, and beaten half to death money her board would cost to the ward you,' he said, but when I told him poor little New Zealanders, who are that you did not take rewards for doing heathers, and don't know anything

about the blessings of the Gospel!" "But Mrs. Burridge is an extreme ease, Tom, you know as well as I. There's Lucia Comfort."

"My dear Myra," he interrupted, to hold her close—so close to his heart. glad as he seemed. I think Mr. Mont- comfort, I want! There's only one laughing, "Miss Lucia is not the sort of woman that I know that I think would onite suit me—and I m not sure that she would."

"Who is it. Tom?" she asked, eagerly. "Why you, you goosey!" he said, pinching her cheek, but a sudden unaccountable color surged up over his "With the prospect of bettering it, face, and it suddenly occurred to him that he was in a hurry. "If you would will not go down. She is expecting me to-night.

> "I'll go down then," Ralph said qui-"All right, then: good morning," and

TO BE CONTINUED.

Parasol Ants.

Of the parasol auts at Trinidad. a writer in the London Field says: In the elever trap just now was spread an "Rather! Why he is old enough to writer in the London Field says: In the "album quilt," whereon was written a be her grandfather," was the sharp in in search of the cashew nuts and fruit, terruption. in search of the cashew nuts and fruit, I found the path leading through the thick forest in many places actually fallen from the trees on either side. It instead of inside, like other fruits. This latter is roasted, and is esteemed a delicacy by many people, but if not carefully prepared is apt to cause blisters on the lips. We had no difficulty in filling our baskets with as many cashows as we required, and were about returning to the boat when one of Mr. B's sons, who had been some little distance from us sauntering about in the brush, called to me to come back, and, on going to where he was, he pointed to what seemed to be a broad band of moving leaves right across the path, and, on looking more closely, I saw we had met with one of those enormous swarms of the "parasol" ants which are so destructive to plantations in the tropics. They were crossing from one side of the wood to the other, and were traveling in a column of more than a foot and a half in width, and, as each insect carried in his mouth a piece of leaf, which entirely covered the body, they presented a singular appearance, like a Lilliputian grove in motion, and, although we watched them for sometime, still they came, their numbers seeming inexhaustible. Nothing can turn them from their course, and, although they may be destroyed by the thousands, enough will swarm upon the "There's brother Tom," Mrs. Ander- intruder to make him repent interfering son said, with a look of admiration with them. On the mainland of South lighting her face. "I don't think it America I have known a fruit tree would be a very great sacrifice for a stripped in a single night by a swarm of

A half-hour's ride through Bava-

CRUSHED TO DEATH.

An Alarm of Fire in a New York Parochial School Causes & Panie Among the Tattle Scholars—The Frightened Chil-dren Leap or Fall Down the Stairway, and Sixteen of Thom are Killed and Several Others Seriously Injured-Pitiable Scenes. NEW YORK, February 20.

second floor of the school-house attached to the German H man Catholic Church of the tween Avenue A and First avenue, at 3:15 o'clock this afternoon, caused a panic which resulted in the death of fifteen little girls and the maining of many others. Over seven hundred scholars, mostly children of the poorer classes, ranging from six to eleven years in age, attended the school and were in tae'r class rooms when an alarm of fire was given. The sisters quickly mar haled the children, and before half a min-ute hal clapsed half of them had reached "I don't believe you do," thought the street by one stairway, the other The other half would have quickly marched out unbarried, but that the sister in charge of No. 5 class, overcome by the peril of her charges, swooned away. This class immediately became panic-stricken, broke away from all restraint, threw the other rapidly-marching classes into confusion, and all rushed for the hall-way. On the stairs, already crowded, a deadly crush took place. The railing of the stairs broke, and a mass of struggling children was precipitated to the floor below. The little ones fell in a packed mass, one upon another, Plymonth. But there's this difference from four to five deep. The police and firemen, who had already been summoned, arrived; but their work of rescue was much hampered by the frightened children, who continued to fall or leap from the stairway, those in front being crowded over the broken balustrade by those behind, still struggling to The fire from which the smoke spre-

through the building, bringing such terrible results to the innocent pupils, was of a most tr.vial character. It started among a mass of sweepings in the closet beneath the stairs leading from the second to the third close, on the east side of the building. It had been smoldering for some time, and had eaten its way through to the center of the partition wall david ng the hall from the class-room in front, any had creek up foward the third floor ere it was discovered. At this moment a visitor called at the school to see one of the publis in the fifth class, which is on the second floor, the door of which opens almost opposite to and within live feet of the closet in which fire. All everts to quet them were in vain, and they jushed madly from the class room. Smoke now rolled out of the closetting cat vol-umes, and in a few seconds scread to all parts of the building, and a scene of the wildest con-

'the school building is five stories high and has mine class roms, seven for girls and two for boys. The rear of the scholl abuts at the rear of the church of the Holy Redeemer, which fromts on Third street. There are two stairways, one in the east and the other in the stairways, one in the east a id the other in the west end of the building. These stairways were about three and a half fect wide, and opened almest at the dos of the class-rooms. Fr m the play-room, in the center of the building, this was approached by a narrow, dark assage way. When the gris in the second hour of the school rushed from their class-rooms they had hardly reached the head of the stairs when the boys and girls from the upper foor we cupon them. All frantically found to get down the narrow stairway and fought to get down the narrow stairway, and the first were thrown headlong to the bottom. I nen, as the crush came from the hundreds of children trying to g t down from the upper floors on the east side of the building the bal-ustrade gave way, the balusters going with it, and fully lifty children were thrown to the floor beat ath. On these others tell until they were piled five teet high on top of each other. Officer Lambert, of the Society for the Prevention of Crusty to Children, happened to be on East 4th street, nearly opposite the school, when the alarm was given. He says: "I rushed into the build no and a terrible sight inct my eyes. Packed into a marrow hallway on the first floor were from fifty to seventy-five little girls. The por things were screaming and struggling, with all their might. By this time other police and citizens hal arrived, and we began pulling the poor children out of the hallway. The cross of sime of the children at the bottom of the pile grew fainter and fainter, and then ceased altogether."

at the bottom of the pile grew fainter and fainter, and then ceased altogether."

Detective Robin on said: "The fire broke out and it the strinease on the second floorand was easily extinguished. I examined the place, and it seems to me some matches must have been swipt with the papers under the stairwal, and been ignited by the friction with the floor."

Poiceman Reid said: "On the floor behind the staircase law a mass of strugging, sevenning that rem. They were piled in top of each other. As quickly as passible we builted them out, and pass althomore by one through the window. Those on top were still all ve. When window. Those on top were still alve. When we reached the lotton we came upon ten dead. It was an awful sight to so them ying there with their blanche I faces, mooth and eyes wife open, and their dresses all in disarder. One little girl, Minnie Truke, was still alive. She died, however on the way to the station-house. It was the most awful's one I ever passed through." The dead were removed to the police station on Fitte street and First the joine station on Fitte streetland First avenue, where they were laid in a row on the fico in a back room. They were laid in a row on the fico in a back room. They were laid in a row on the field by sorrow-stricken mothers and little brothers and sisters; and the romovar of leaca to the afflicted hone of the family was promptly termitte by the authorities.

From the heap of children in the west hall six deal girls, from seven to en years of age, were taken and carried in o the church, when they were laid in front of the sanctuary, and

were taken and carried in the sanctuary, and the were lad in front of the sanctuary, and the riwere lad in front of the sanctuary, and attempts were made to resistants. Then, Mothers forcing the riway in despite the lines force of police, filled the sacre building with pitful eries. One recommended the first policement and monks turned away, do elect the spectacle. Conveyances arriving, the bodies were taken up in the arms of the officers and carried out. A clamoring shricks, mouning throng of women, with uplifted hands and streeming eyes ollowed. Mothers, inding their missing to let en still living, fell upon the rises in the mident snow, giving upon the r knoes in the mid and snow, giving thates. In the station house the trantic shricks procuring the identification of each little dead one. The riges of the children who are dead and in ured range between seven and

twelve years.

The scene in the class-room and in the halls after the panic was almost indescribable. Torn books and broken school apparates, and fragments of toruclo hes were scattered upon tarrible evidence of the wild Torn books and broken school apparat s, and fragments of tora clo hes were scattered upon the floors, terrible evidence of the wild struggle of the children to escape from the building. A survey shows that every role and present on for safety in the school had been disregarded. On four floors there are nine class-rooms, op alog into two hall ways, with stairs running east and west, reaching either end of the building. Through the class-rooms access can be had to either stairway, but the halls and shairs are separated. In nearly every room the doors open inward, and there is only one door in each room for the egress of from thirty to cighty children, mostly young girls. The doors were only two and a half feet wide. The stairways, likewise, were narrow, and at the top of the highest flight there is a strut worden gate not exily movel. Actual measurement showed the door when open came withing cleven in hes of the end of the nearest benches—nardly roin to sincere through. The backs of the ten his were within twenty-four inches of the rear wall, and the stove blacked all progress at the innetion of the passegs-way and the cinter also between the row of benches.

A half-hour's ride through Bavarian valleys and we whiz past a pretty lane in which I see a Bavarian peasant driving a two-wheeled cart to which are yoked a little heifer and a coarse woman. As they stop near the train I notice that the heifer is the only one apparently discontented, as the woman looks up and smiles and the man moves his pipe for a good, square laugh.—

Cor. Louiscille Journal.

—A writer in the North American Review repudiates the current belief that plentiful rains are in consequence of the presence o forests. He holds that the reverse is the truth.

A Foolis's and Fatal Fractical Joke.

Last evening a title girl named Letitia, daughter of Charles MacNamer, Iving in Phonixville. Pa. was shot dead by Matthew Hartigan a ne ghbor. The girl hartigan in the residence of a neighbor at the eastern end of the row. Exactly as she entered the yard in front of his house a shot was fired through the front window. The girl dead and carried to her home. It appears there was a party of young people spening the evening at Hartigan's, who were in one room while he was in another. He called his wife, told her he was going to fire his gun through the window to fright oned. He told a young man in the room with him that the gun was loaded with a marble. He fired, as he said he would, and shot the little girl, purely accidentally.—Philadelphia I ress. A Foolis's and Fatal Practical Joke.

THE OHIO AN OCEAN.

Shawncetown, Ill., Surrounded by Rushing Waters—The River Six to Forty Miles Wide, and Five Feet Higher Then Ever Known-One Hundred and Forty Houses Wrecked and Carried Away on the Torrent.

EVANSVILLE, IND., February 25. The condition of the people at Shawneetown, Ill., is woful in the extreme, the situstion being greatly ageravated by the fact that they are isolated from the balance of the world, and their distress has not heretofore been known to the public. No raffrond, no telegraph line reaches the town, the only means of ingress or egress being an occasional steamboat down and up the Ohio, and almost the entire population are prisoners in the upper stories of the houses, the river there being six miles wide and the streets having an average water depth of fifteen feet. The actual condition is well set forth in the following dispatch, which was to-day forwarded to Chicago:

Shawneetown, Ill., Via Evansville, Februsry 2i.—To Marshall Field & Co., Chicago: Our people are overwhelmed with the most appulling misfortune ever visited upon any locality. The Ohio River here is five feet higher than ever known and still rising. Our wealth has gone down with the angry waves. Hundreds are destrute, penniless and suffering. We must have help. The river is from five to thirty-five miles wide, and carrying atter destruction before it. The loss in this immediate vicinity will reach \$250,000 at least, We appeal to the charitable for assistance in this time of need. We have been under water AN URGENT APPEAL this time of need. We have been under water for nearly three weeks, and it will take four weeks for it to subside.

SWOFFORD BROS.,
ALLEN & HARRINGTON,
M. M. POOL,
TROS. S. RIDGEWAY,
J. W. MILLSPAUGH, MAYOR.

The situation at Shawneetown is by no means exaggerated in the above dispatch. Tife inhabitants have thus far sustained themselves by what they had on hand when the deluge came, but this has been exhausted, and scores of families are

GOING HUNGRY from day to day. One hundred, and forty nonses have been wrecked or floated off, and only thirty of the residences are now tenable even in their upper stories. People, white and black, are indiscriminately finddled in the third stories of the Court-house, Pool's pork-house, the Catholic Convent, the public school-house, Wischart's warehouse and numerous other buildings that have high noors. A high wind has been blowing all day, and there is great fear that some of the structures, many of which are weak, may give way and a fearful catastrophe boeur. di

Doctors Binckelvand Fais, the leading physicians, report that there has been a serious increase in the death rate, the undertaker being called on to inrnish about

THREE COFFINS A DAY for the town and vicinity. The water is six het deep on the leves and fourteen feet on the lower portion of Main and Church streets, the principal business thoroughtares, but at the upper end of the town, where many houses and the Ohio & Mississippi and Louisville & Nashville Railroad depots are situated, it is twenty-five feet deep. Up to six o'clock this morning the river was still slowly rising at the rate of two inches a day, a daily increase which has been regularly maintained for the past week. While the river is falling above, at Evansville, and below at Cairo, it is yet on the rise at Shawheetown, a circumstance which is due to the mighty volume which pours in just above from the Wabash, and the fact that at Caseyville, just below, it is only half a mile from bank to hauk, where immense limestone cliffs loom up on both sides of the river and form a sort of narow funcel for the ocean of water to rush through.

The river from Evansville to Shawn has an average width of five or more miles. For atten miles, be inn ng at the point called Baid Peak, on the Indiana shove, to Round Pond Hill, on the Illinois side, there is a width of ten miles, and opposite Uniontown, Ky., near the confluence of the Ohio and Wabash, there is an inland lake

FORTY MILES WIDE. North of Shawneetown land can be reached within two miles, but to the west and north-west there is an unbroken sired of water for nearly twenty miles. Two-thirds of Gallatin County, in which the town is stirated is under water. Thus it will be seen that Shawnee own is surrounded by a moving set which can not be emptied into the Missis-ippi for weeks to come, and that a mouth will probably chapse before even her streets are again visible.

visible.

Mayor Millspaugh and Mr. M. M. Pool, a lead ng banker, spilt to-day that shawnee town would be lucky if her streets were clear of water in five we ks. There is not a dollar of water in five we ks. There is not a dollar in the Town Treasury. Et-state Treasurer Ridgeway, of the first National Bank here, has thus fur assumed all built for grocuries and food invaished to the poor. The committee now en rout to Springfield will ask the Legislature to appropriate 100,00, one fourth of which will go to buy food and clo hing for the needy and the other threas fourths to tabuild and beighten the leaves, that formerly surneedy and the other therefore that the together and heighten the levees that formerly surrounded the town. Some aid however, is altered to its way to the suffering inhabitants. The steaml out sabel left here this evening having on board four car-loads of provisions denated by the Julianapolis Board of T. ade. Mr. George T. Branham, of that city, has gone down in charge of the cargo, and he said that Indianapolis had plenty more to send.

A Big River at Cairo.

CAIRO, I.L., February 25.
The situation here is unchanged, as far as the general condition of things is concerned. The waters appear to be swelling very little, and to night recorded on the gan te lifty-two feet one inch, an unprecedented stage; two inches higher than the great flood of February last. It is thought to night the rise has reached its utmost. We have no reports of suffering from the surrounding country, and it may be set led that people generally in the bottom lands have been provided, for, and nothing remains to be damaged. A thorough tour of the levees this atternoon mund them in splendid condition, with no washes or abrasions from the heavy winds which pre-vaied last night. Dispatches from the Gol-conda report a tall of one inch, and about on a stand at Paducah. The Wabash is fulling an inch an hour at Grayville. The influence of the great Ohio flood is felt at Harrisburg, Ill., on the Wabash Railway, thirty index in Ill., on the Wabash Railway, thit willes in the interior where the waters of the Saline, backed by the Ohio, is sixteen linches on the railroad tacks, and the town is almost an island from the backwaters. Private advices from Columbus, Ky., report the town submerged to the depth of ten feet, and stores on higher ground have three feet of water on the floors. Mound City holds out bravely, and is weathering the gale. weathering the gale.

The Wabash Falling.

VINCENNES, IND., February 25.
The Wabash River has gradually fallen, until it is now but twenty feet in the channel. This is still high, and agreat amount of water is yet covering the lands bordering upon the river. The Ohio & Mi-sissippi Railroad was repaired sufficiently for trains to pass over the track last night, and trains are now running regularly. The Wabash Railroad is torn. to pieces in several places, but will be repaired on short order. A bridge at Pale tine was badly damaged, and only saved from drifting away by ropes holding it into posi-

Two hundred miners at the Washington Coal Mines are but of work because of considerable water in the mines. If work is not resumed soon we may experience a miniature coal famine. The relief association organized here Friday night for the purpose of readering aid to home sufferers, raised about \$800 yesterday in this city. They are still em-ployed in the noble and charitable occupation. The special committee, consisting of Hon, T. T. Reily, Hon, R. G. Evans and Mayor Searight, who went to Indianpolis to s-cure money from the legislative relief fund, returned last night with \$1,000. An additional amount is expected and promised. Our poor and destitute are now in good prospect of se-curing the help they absolutely need, and the work of distributing food and blo hing will begin at once.